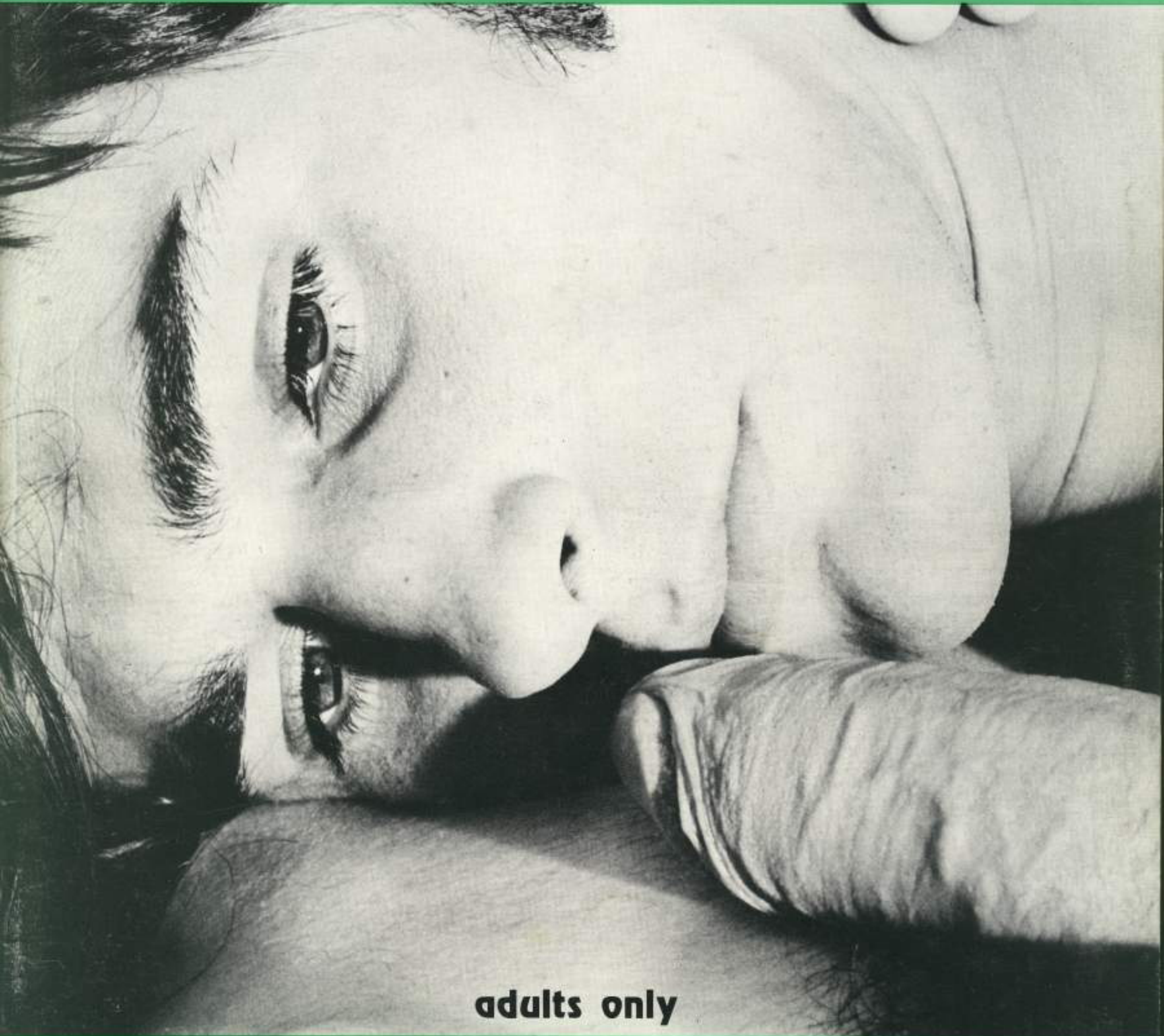




No.1

7UP

\$6.



adults only





Room #3—Micky



Room #5—Sammy



Room #4—Roger



Room #7—Benjy



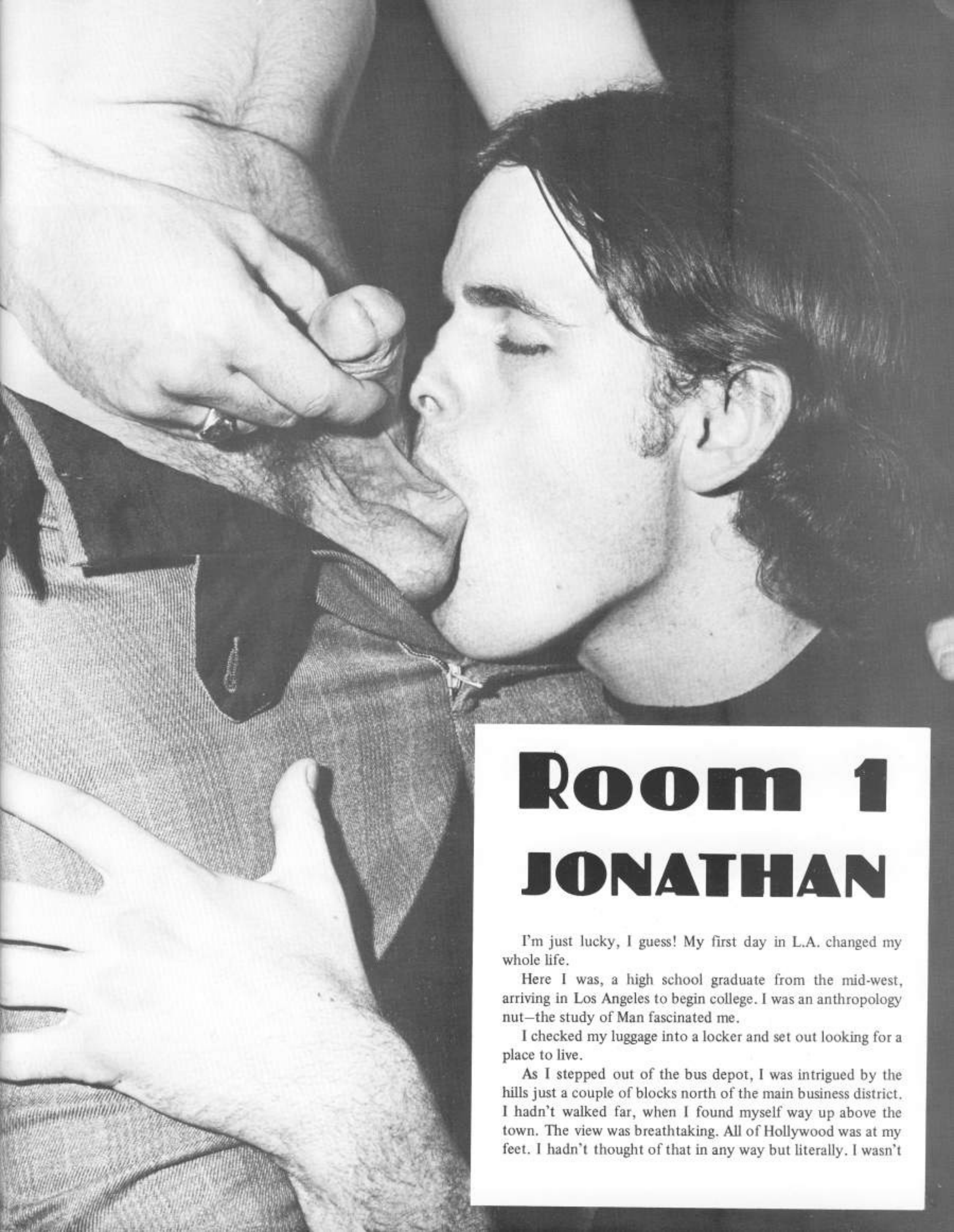
Room #1
Jonathan



Room#2
Davy



Room #6—Rusty



Room 1

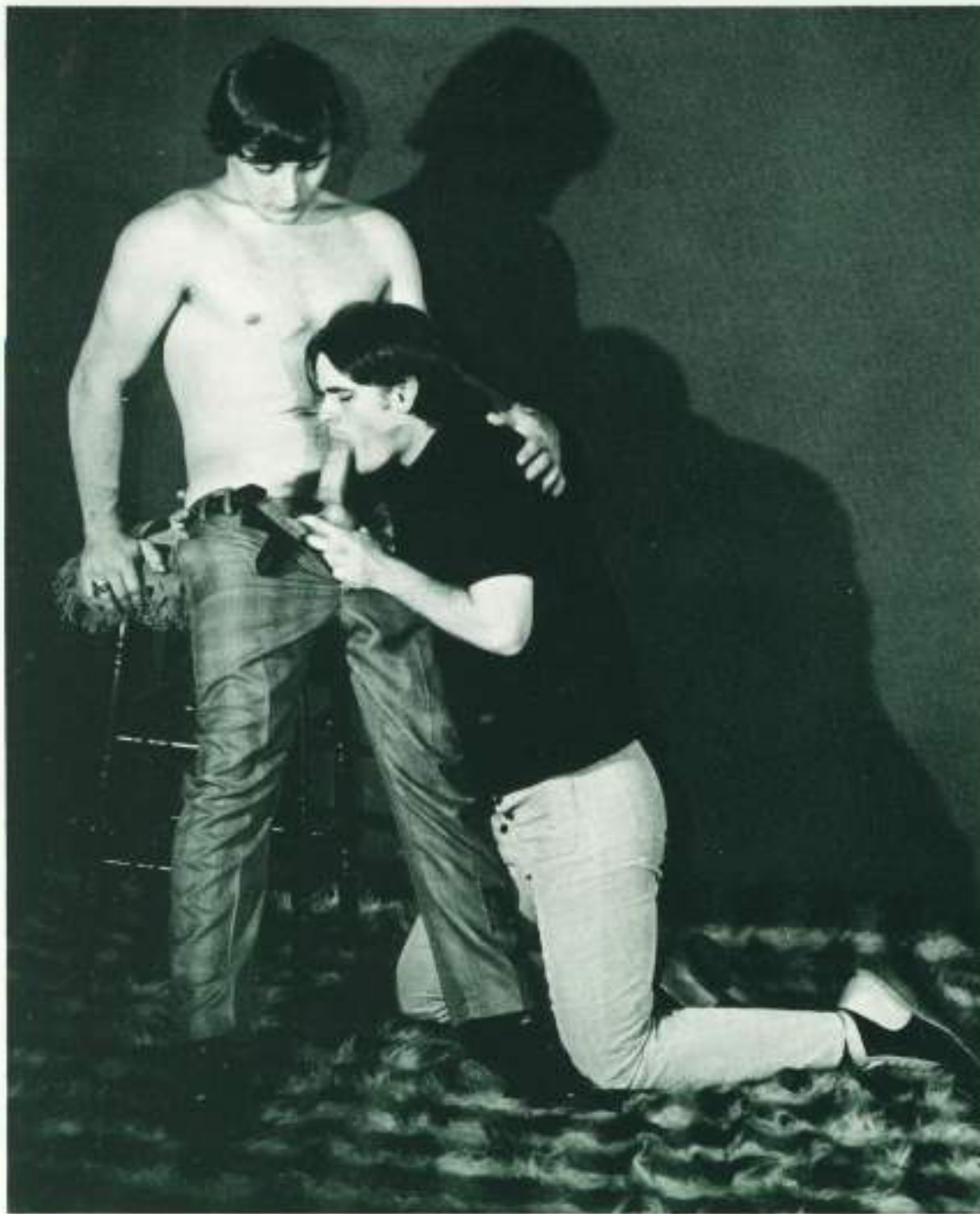
JONATHAN

I'm just lucky, I guess! My first day in L.A. changed my whole life.

Here I was, a high school graduate from the mid-west, arriving in Los Angeles to begin college. I was an anthropology nut—the study of Man fascinated me.

I checked my luggage into a locker and set out looking for a place to live.

As I stepped out of the bus depot, I was intrigued by the hills just a couple of blocks north of the main business district. I hadn't walked far, when I found myself way up above the town. The view was breathtaking. All of Hollywood was at my feet. I hadn't thought of that in any way but literally. I wasn't



the previous occupants still here. But if not, don't fret. You have six of the most hospitable neighbors in town. You'll never walk alone."

I was completely bewildered by his rapid-fire monologue, and while he was talking, he took my jacket from my hand, and hung it up in the closet. He unbuttoned my shirt, took it off me and hung it up. Then he came back and undid my pants and started to push them down.

I was so flabbergasted, I didn't try to stop him. I leaned back on a stool for support, and he kept on talking.

"Oh, I'm gay, do you mind? And all the other guys who live here are gay, does that upset you? No? Good! I won't ask the next question or it might put a damper on the proceedings. Would you mind lifting your cock, hon?"

My pants were already below my crotch and, in a daze, I did what he asked.

He knelt on the floor and took one of my balls in his mouth, then both of them. My prick started expanding and he followed its growth with his tongue, all the way to the tip, and then slid his lips over the head. With a maddeningly slow movement he sank the entire cock into his mouth and then let it out. Then down again and up, faster and faster.

I grabbed his shirt and pulled it off as he dropped my pants and threw them across the room. He spun me around and I fell

(Continued on page 10)

a starry-eyed hopeful, but a serious student embarking on a lifelong career.

Wrenching my eyes from the view, I turned and found myself gazing at an old Victorian mansion that was straight out of Charles Addams' cartoons. Old and worn, it overcame its decadence with a serene dignity. I loved it, at first sight.

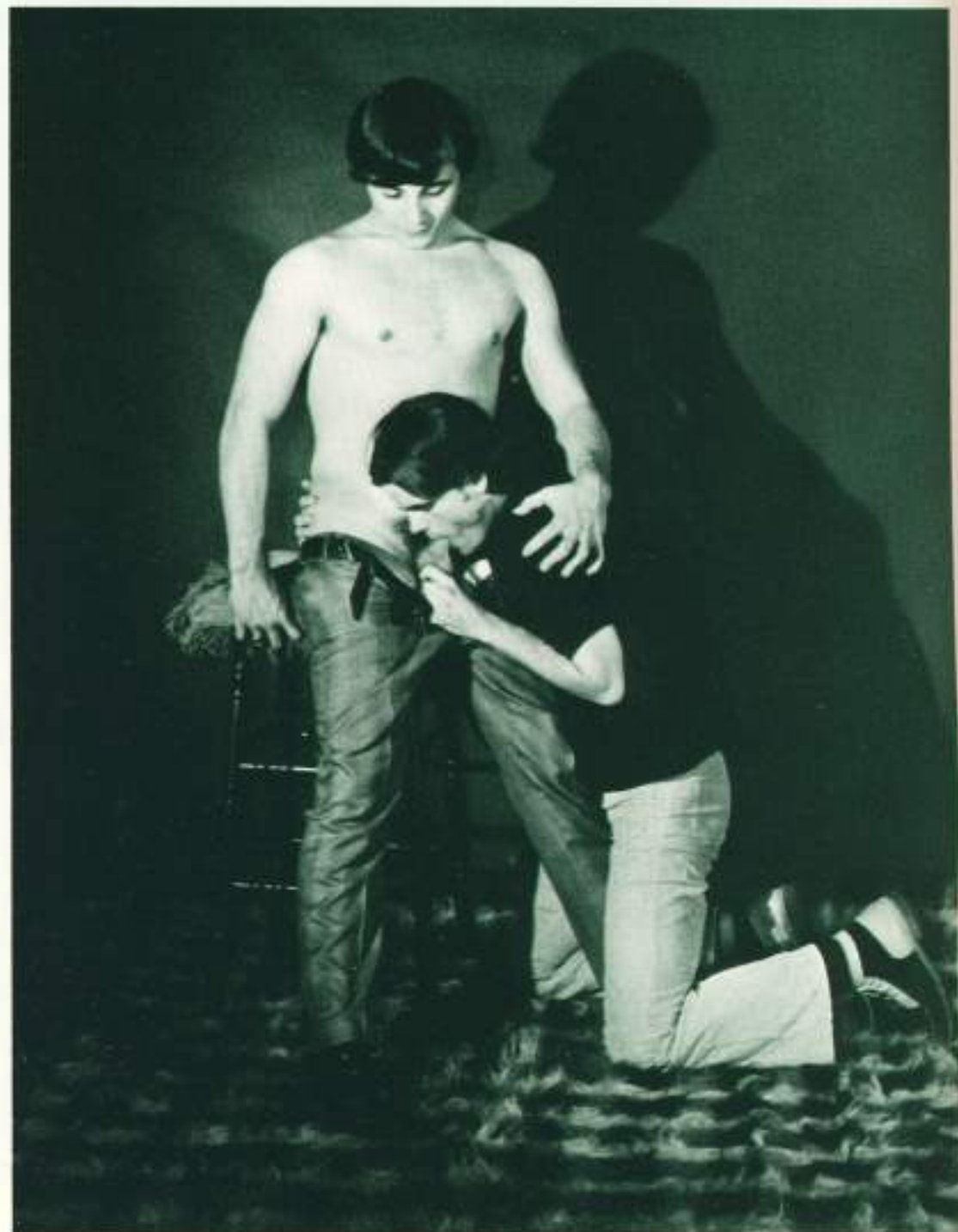
And there was a sign on the overgrown lawn that said "Room for Rent." I ran up to the porch. The number, over the front door, must have been 7010 or 7610 at one time, but now it was broken and out of line and it said 7 UP. Seven's my lucky number, so I lit up like a pin-ball machine.

I pushed the buzzer and the door opened on one of the handsomest men I'd ever seen. He had dark, medium-long hair and baby blue eyes. I didn't know what came over me when he smiled and said, "Hi!"

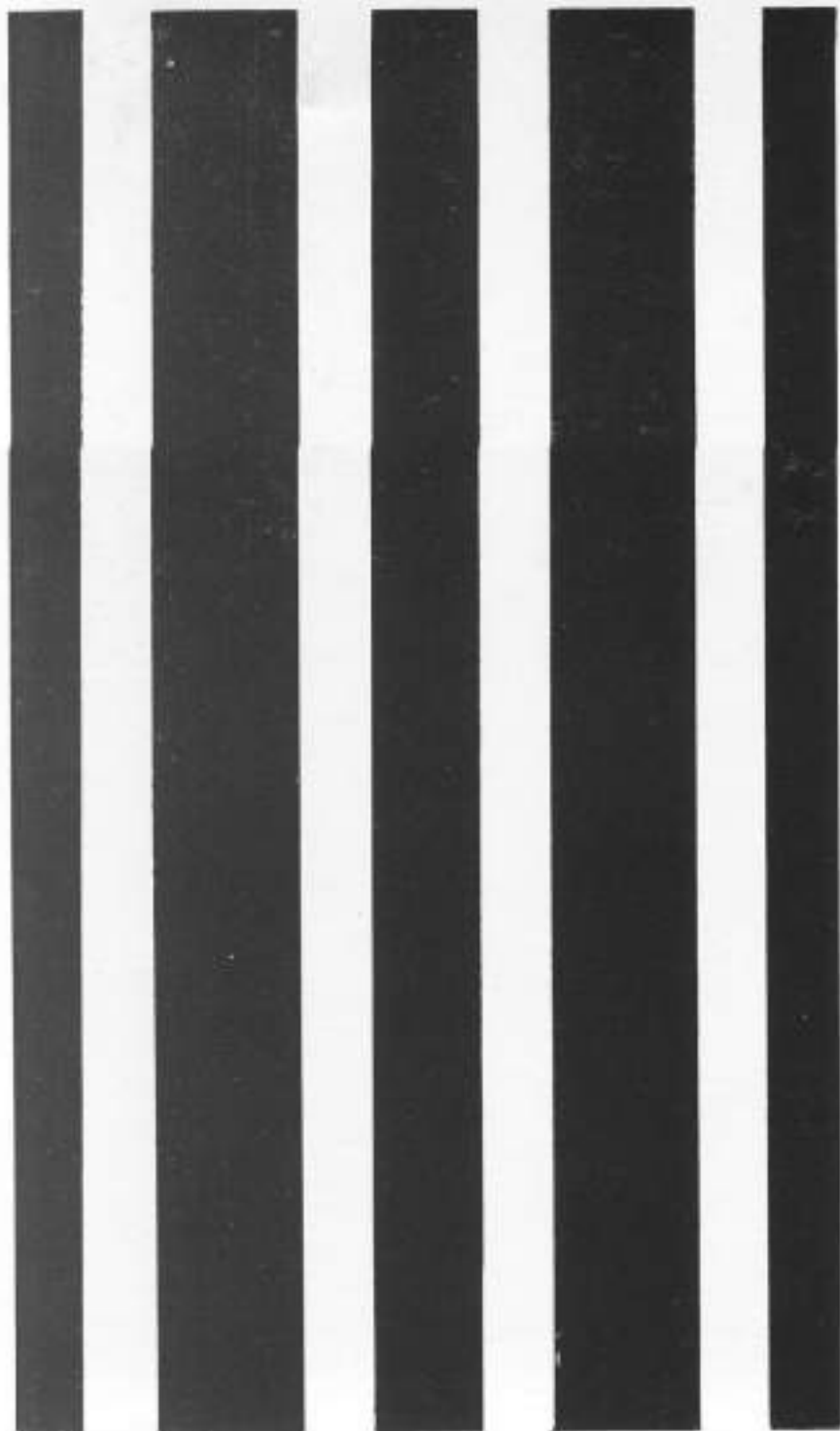
I couldn't speak. He asked, "You want to rent the room, or are you another decorator who wants to buy the place. You'll be disappointed; the creep I bought it from had 'modernized' the interior and I haven't had the bread to restore it."

"Oh, no," I managed to find my voice, "I'm looking for a room to rent."

"Ah, then you won't be disappointed by the clean, functional, if somewhat austere, decor. The room's big enough for a Fellini movie or a small circus. The bed, ditto, and the carpet's a mile deep. With a machete, you might find some of















over the stool. I was electrified when I felt his tongue in the crack of my ass and then piercing my asshole.

He turned me again and while taking off his pants, he resumed sucking my cock until it exploded.

As soon as I caught my breath, I grabbed hold of his body and plunged my mouth down on his cock. I sat on the floor, grabbed his ass and made him fuck my face like a madman. It was my first time, but I must have been doing something right because he went wild and shot his load in just a couple of minutes.

I guess he liked it because I was now the new tenant of Room #1. The rest of the guys in the house, and all their visitors, are really groovy and each has an interesting story.

This is what affected my future. I lost interest in anthropology and switched my major to psychology. I'd rather study live men than dead ones, any day.

The guys talk freely about their pasts and present, so I decided to base my term paper on an incident that happened to each of them in this house, 7 UP.

The following stories are told in their own words.

Rm. 2-Davy

It was my first day in a new city and I was walking my ass off, taking in the sights. Right in the middle of a business district, I thought I came upon a tiny Disneyland. The sign said "Miniature Golf." I'd never played any kind of golf before, but I was intrigued by this course, with all its twists and turns and odd looking structures.

While I was paying the admission a guy came up and asked if he could team with me. He said it was more fun than playing alone. I was happy just to get to talk to someone; I didn't



know anyone in the entire town. I told him I'd be more than happy to, and that I hoped he didn't mind playing with a beginner. He said he didn't and maybe he could teach me the ropes.

I was a disaster. On the first tee I swung four times before hitting the ball and then sent it a full six inches in the wrong direction.

He laughed and said, "Here, let me show you how to hold the club to control your stroke." He stepped behind me and put his arms around me. One hand was on one of my hands and when he reached for the other, he missed and grabbed my crotch.

He said, "Sorry about that!"

What could I say, but, "That's OK," and it was. It felt good. I'd never had sex with anything but my own hand

(Continued on page 14)







before, and it was great to feel someone else's hand on it. So great, it got hard instantly. And he knew it. He managed to rub the back of his hand against it several times, as if to see how I'd react.

He was hard too. He moved closer to me and I could feel a lump pressing into my ass. I'd forgotten what it was we were supposed to be doing, and when he started to push my arms to swing at the ball, his lump hit a sensitive spot between my asscheeks and I jumped. I hit the ball so hard it flew over the windmill and landed on the drawbridge of the castle which was four courses away. It rolled out of the castle and landed right smack into the cup.

He laughed, "I don't even know how to score that one, but I guess you made a new kind of hole-in-one. Not bad for a first lesson. Why don't we go to my place for some advance techniques."

I knew it would have nothing to do with golf, but I wanted to go like I'd never wanted anything else. I tried to hide my eagerness as I said, "Sure, I'd like to learn more."

His hand rested lightly on my knee, during the entire car ride to his apartment. It was enough to keep me in a semi-aroused state all the way there. That, and the anticipation of his teaching me advanced follow-throughs.

In his apartment, he seated me on the couch and put his hand back on my knee. It didn't stay there long. It made a not-too-slow trip right up to my cock, which immediately grew to its maximum size. He pressed down on it, gently at first, and then harder. I thought it might break off. It hurt with a delicious pain, and wanted more. Then he leaned over and kissed me.

I didn't even realize that he was taking my shirt off, and then his own. He even had my belt unbuckled, when he asked me to stand up.

As soon as we were up, he did a few quick manipulations with the couch and it turned into a comfortable looking double bed.

He kissed me again as I felt, first my pants, then his, slide down our bodies. He sat on the bed, which brought his face even with my prick. His hand traveled slowly up the inside of my thighs until it reached my ass. He caressed the cheeks, letting one finger slip up and down in the crack. Every time it touched my asshole, it massaged it in a circular motion. It set off electric sparks that shot all the way up my spine. His other hand was playing with my balls, as his face moved closer to my cock. He was breathing on my cock, and the warm air was making it tingle. His mouth came slowly closer until his lips





touched the head. He brushed them lightly over the surface, which strained for more contact. After a few minutes of this teasing, he slipped the tip off his tongue between his lips and lightly licked the head of my prick, and then all the way up and down the shaft.

He suddenly threw himself back on the bed and told me to sit on him. I straddled his mid-section and he took both our pricks in his hand and started jacking us off. Hell, I could always do that to myself. Now that I was with someone else, I wanted something more complex. I gradually wormed my way closer to his face. I reached back and jacked his cock for him so he wouldn't lose interest, as I rubbed my cock across his lips. Some transparent drops were oozing out of my slit and

dripping on his face. I felt so wild, sliding in the slime, that I was dangerously close to cuming. I told him so, and he opened his mouth and went all the way down my prick, until his nose was pressed into my brush of hair. That did it! I exploded! I was whimpering and bucking like a wild bronco. I threw my hips back and forth so fast that I slipped out of his mouth. I wrapped my hand tightly around the shaft and shot more gobs of cum all over his face and neck.

I was exhausted and fell over on my back. He quickly got between my legs and licked my whole crotch area clean. It was like a never-ending job. As soon as he finished, more cum leaked out and dripped all the way over my balls, and he would start licking it all off again.



When it seemed that I was drained dry, he lifted my legs up to his shoulders. He was jacking his cock off as he was giving me that good feeling again by rubbing his fingers around the entrance to my ass. I would squeeze and then relax my ass, trapping and then releasing his fingers. I was enjoying it immensely, never dreaming he had something else in mind. I was startled when one of the times I relaxed, a couple of his fingers slid right past the opening and went all the way into my ass. I froze. I didn't know what to make of it. It didn't exactly hurt, but it sort of felt like it would hurt if they could go any deeper. I held still while he slowly moved the fingers in and out. I was so aware of potential pain that I got no feeling of pleasure from what he was doing, and I felt a wave of relief pass over me when he withdrew.

But it was short-lived as I felt my asshole being stretched again. Only this time it was being stretched to the point of hurting. I wondered if he was trying to get four fingers into me, when I looked down and saw that it was the head of his cock he was trying to cram in my ass. That head looked as big as an apple but felt bigger than a watermelon as it was pushing against my sphincter.

I screamed when it hurt.

"Take it out! An ass can't open that wide. Are you crazy or something?"

He laughed, but he withdrew. He said, "Every ass can open wide enough for a cock. It's just a matter of relaxing the muscles. Here, I'll prove it to you."

He lay down on his back and lifted his legs. He said, "You get down there and do it to me."

He reached down and jacked my cock up, spitting on his hand every once in a while, getting it good and slippery. When it was hard, he guided it to the entrance to his ass and told me to push, gently but firmly.

My cock was at least as big as his so I was amazed to see and feel it enter with no resistance at all. When the head was inside, he clenched the sphincter tightly a few times, proving that it wasn't just bigger or looser than mine, but letting me know that mine could do the same thing.

"Now lean forward and push it all the way down as far as you can go. That's it! Farther! Farther! All the way! Wow!"

He seemed to be delirious with enjoyment, and my own feelings were something to write home about. Or rather, something I wouldn't dare write home about. I felt like it was something new I had invented right there on the spot. I didn't know what to do, but he took care of that. First he just clenched and unclenched his muscles, which felt like a thousand tongues licking my cock. Then he started moving his ass in a circular motion and then up and down. I caught on to the movement and began pumping in and out while grinding my hips in a circular pattern. I felt the cum rising and tried to hold it back, to prolong this feeling forever. But there was no stopping it; it gushed in torrents. The sensation was so freaky wild, I found myself crying and laughing at the same time. And he was doing the same.

If getting fucked could be as good as fucking, I wanted it, and right now, before this sensation left completely. I wanted to experience it again and again, since it was too great to last long each time.

"Now me!" I yelled, "Fuck me! Fuck me now! Quick!"

He pushed me face down on the bed, and knelt between my legs. I couldn't hold still. I squirmed my ass in every direction, too anxious for him to plug me.

He laughed and slapped my ass.

"Hey! Hold still or I'll miss the target! I'm liable to make a new entrance."

He then put his hands on my hips and raised my tump up.

(Continued on page 19)







The cool air felt good on my sweaty asshole which was now exposed and completely unprotected.

"This will make it even easier for you," he said, as he poured some kind of creamy stuff on his fingers. I looked through my legs and watched him slicking up his cock. I was really getting impatient for him to start.

"Hurry!" I cried. "I'm sure I don't need that. My insides feel slippery enough to let in an elephant. Shove it to me!"

And he did! In one thrust he had half of his monster cock in me. I hadn't expected to, but I tightened up involuntarily, and it hurt. It hurt like hell, but I wouldn't let a sound out of my mouth. He seemed to sense it though, and he stopped. He held absolutely still for a few moments, for which I was grateful.

When I regained the confidence that he had no intention of hurting me, I was able to relax again. And relax I did, all the way.

He felt it, and then continued his way into me, as far as he could go. It was pure heaven! That sensation was back, full force. But, like me before, he couldn't hold it very long. He came, and the sensation lessened as his prick shrunk.

When he lay back on the bed to recover, I pounced on his cock. I kissed that source of my pleasure and licked it all over. Then I went all the way down on it and sucked it till it came again.

By this time I was raring to go again. I flipped him onto his stomach and shoved my cock all the way into his ass in one stroke. He tried to rise up on his knees, but as I started cuming, I rammed him so hard, he fell face down into the bed again. I just lay there with my cock still in his ass, completely spent. But I knew it wasn't for long. Already his muscles were squeezing life back into me, and I would soon be making another hole-in-one.



Rm. 3 MICKY



"Hey, Jimmy, why do you always look so sad?"
The paper boy was standing at the door with an even more down-trodden look on his face that I had seen before.
"My teacher told me today, that I have to learn how to

relate to people or I'm going to have a tough life ahead of me. It's true; I avoid my parents, I have no real friends, and no one in school even bothers to talk to me."

"Well, Jimmy, relating is a two-way street, a give-and-take between people. You always seem to keep yourself tightly wrapped up in a shell. You've got to relax and forget about yourself, and allow yourself to be available for others to reach, as well as make the effort to reach others."

"I don't seem to be able to do that. I'm always up-tight around people."

"Do you have a few minutes now? Come on in and we'll have a first lesson."

"Take off your shirt and get comfortable. Here, take a drag on this."

It was a regular cigarette, but he puffed it as if it were grass, and he reacted as if it were. His face got a dreamy look and he seemed to be in a haze. So much the better for the lesson.

"Don't be afraid to touch me. Put your hands on my body."

He hesitated, but finally touched my chest. He put both hands on my chest and slid them down the sides of my body, trailing his lips down my front as he slid to the floor. I lifted him up and eased him over to the bed. We lay there side-by-side with my arm around him, and I told him to just relax and do whatever he felt like, whenever he wanted to.

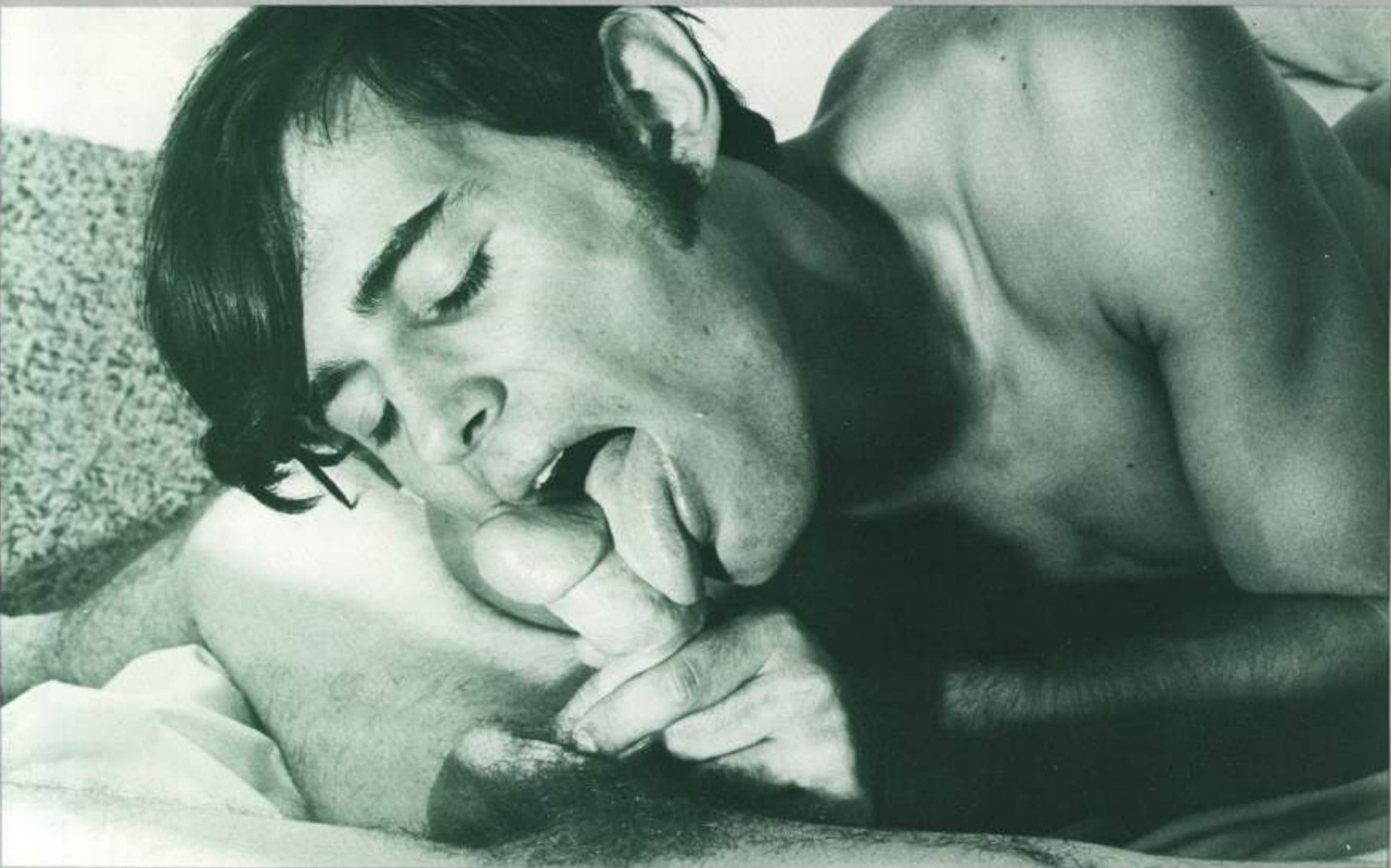
His arm came across my chest and his leg slowly came over

(Continued on page 25)







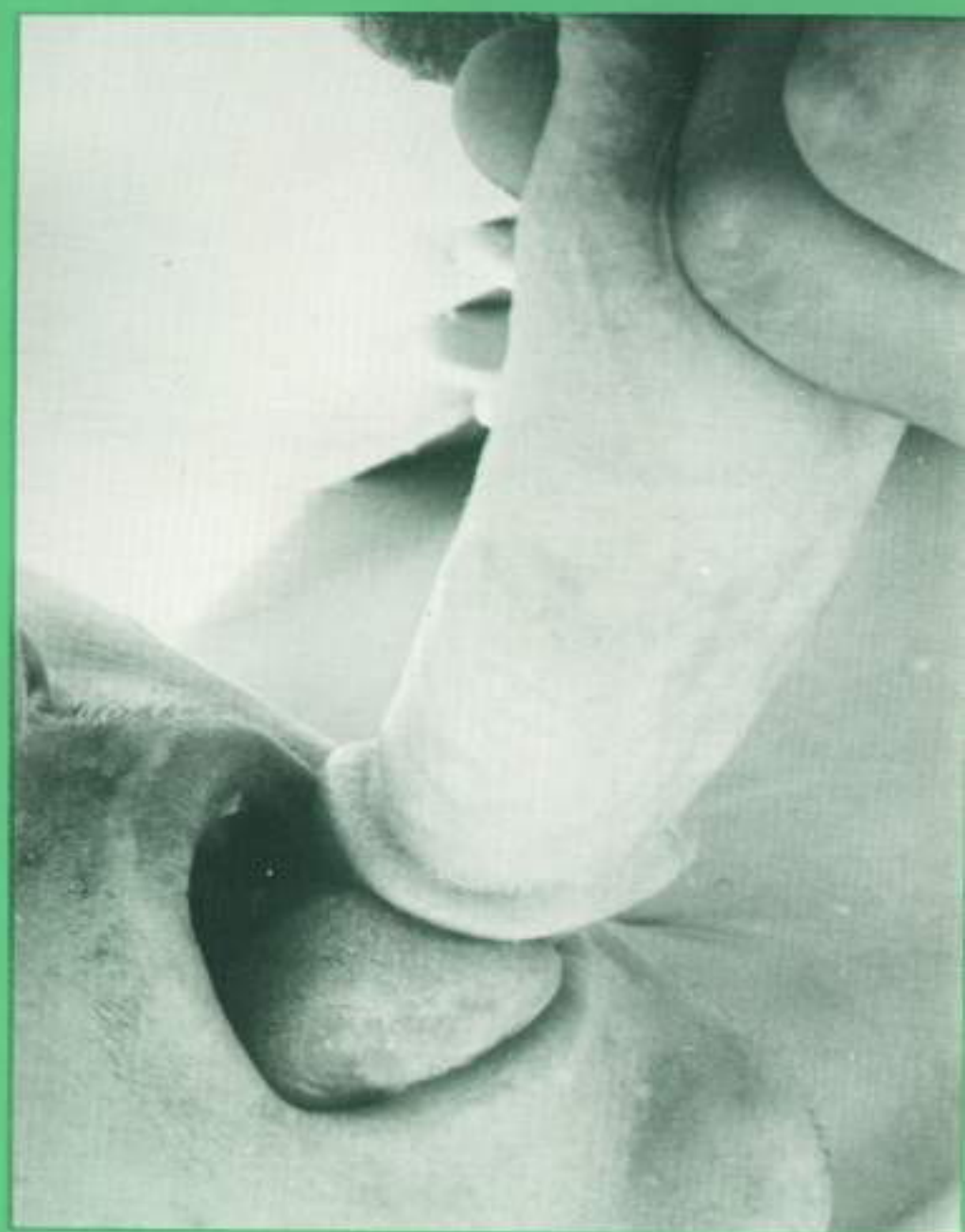




mine. It was pressing into my crotch and giving me a hardon. His hand went down to my belt and unbuckled it, and then unzipped my pants. It reached in and fondled my cock, wrapped around it, and pulled it out. His head followed his hand and his mouth was soon swallowing the entire length.

There's a great feeling of satisfaction in teaching anything, but it can't compare with knowing you've taught something which can give someone a full rich life. Jimmy burst out of his shell with a bang!

(Continued on page 27)





ROOM 4 - ROGER



by Harold Baskin

It was dawn when I left my friend's house after twelve hours of non-stop sex. I was walking the few blocks homeward, when I stopped at the all-night hot dog stand. I hadn't realized how weary I was until I sat on the stool. I was fucked-out.

A good-looking biker stud parked and sat next to me. He started bragging about his night with a chick. She was a virgin, but he finally talked her into letting him lick her cunt. That was all it took, according to him. He has such an educated tongue, that in just a few minutes, she was begging to be

fucked. He went through that same routine, alternately tonguing and fucking, five times that night.

I couldn't have been less interested in tales of sex exploits at that time, especially straight sex stories, until I realized the guy was propositioning me. He was constantly adjusting his jeans so that his hardon was more obvious and he was whipping his tongue around in the air to exhibit its formidable arousal powers.

And it worked! I was aroused, and I guess it showed. He crunched a fistful of cock through his jeans and asked if he could give me a ride. What the hell! There obviously were signs of life stirring down below, so I accepted.

(Continued on page 32)









We fit together perfectly in the saddle, my bulge nestled into his crack. He was wearing a leather vest over his bare torso, so I grabbed hold of two of the most comfortable tits I'd felt in a long time. I slid one hand down his body and when I got to his crotch I found that he had unbuttoned his fly, so I let my hand slip in. I massaged his cock and he was thrashing his midsection so wildly, I thought he'd throw us off the bike. He gave a loud grunt and my hand was covered with cum. It

looked like I'd just lost a newly-found trick.

But I was wrong. He didn't just drop me off at 7 UP, but followed me in.

He said he'd better wash the cum off his pants, so he stripped and held them under the faucet. I undressed in the meantime, and laid back on the couch.

When he came back in the room, I told him I was anxious to experience his magic tongue, and I spread my legs up and



out, exposing my "cunt."

A look of lust and pride came over his face, as he slurped his tongue around his lips and he squatted between my legs.

He was right. As he worked his educated tongue in, out, and around my asshole, I was begging him to fuck me. But he didn't. He worked up to my balls, then in the cracks of my groin, through the pubic hair, and then he settled back and sucked my balls into his mouth for half an hour. My flagpole

was banging against his face, and he finally got the message.

He licked every foot of it, from head to base, and then rammed it all the way down his throat. But that didn't stop his magic tongue, it was throbbing, licking, squeezing away a mile-a-minute!

I just had to reciprocate, and also try out his techniques, so I pulled out of his mouth and went down on him.

(Continued on page 34)





Again, he came in just a few seconds, and without a breather, he sat me on the back of the couch and went back to work on mine.

I don't envy his "hair-trigger." I settled back for a long hot summer.





ROOM 5 SAMMY

This straight kid at the office is always knocking my use of grass. He said he's tried it dozens of times and he would smoke some at my place to prove it doesn't affect him.

(Continued on page 37)





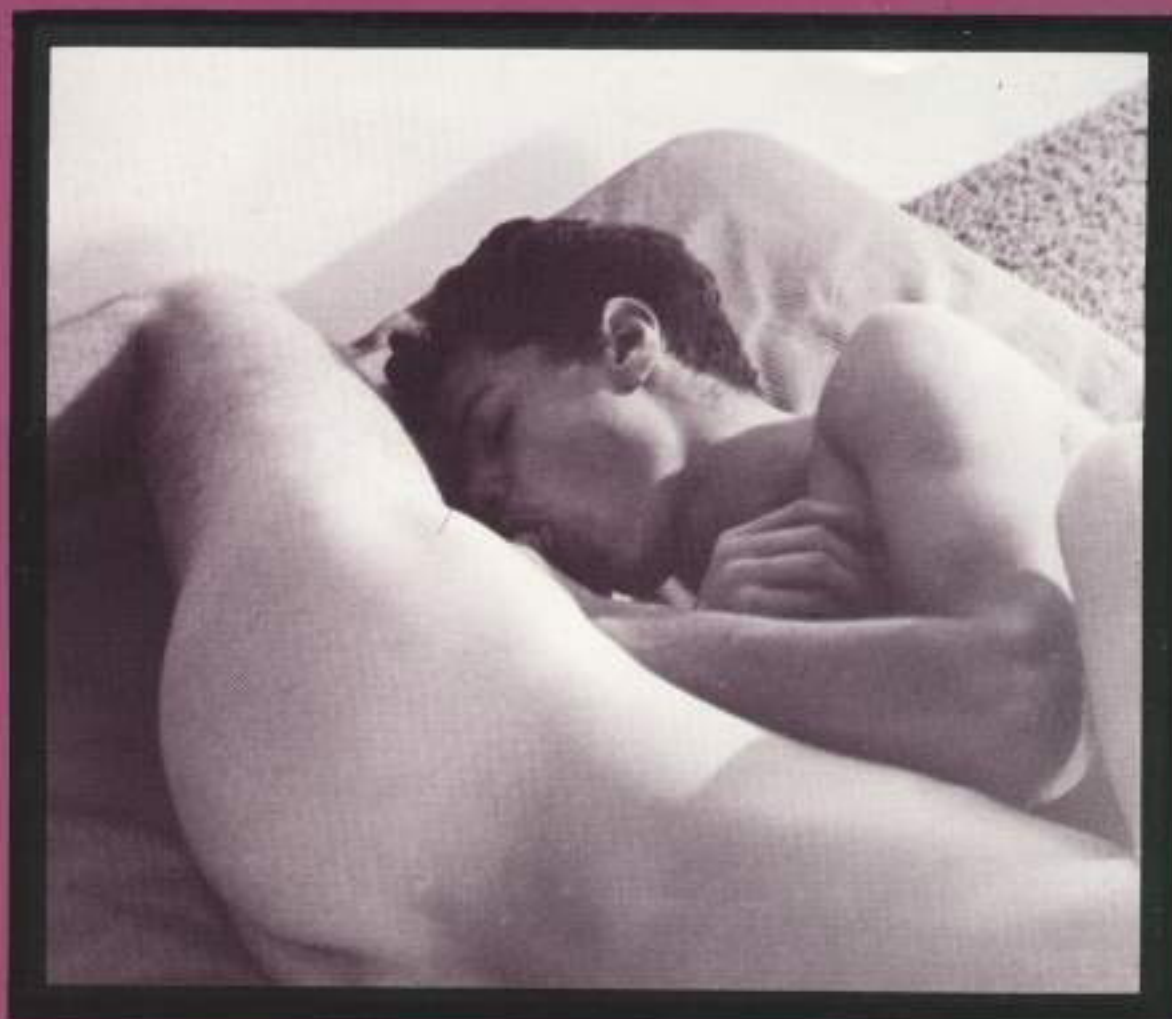
It if does nothing for him, why doesn't he just *not* use it? Why would he deliberately set up situations where he would try it again?

He's a cute kid, so I jumped at the bait.

We made ourselves comfortable and sprawled on the bed. We passed the joint back and forth and before it was half finished, he was stroking my chest. Then he leaned over and kissed me. He undid my pants as he was kissing a path down my body. My cock was coming up to meet him half-way.

He pulled his pants off and started licking my prick. He was sucking it wildly as he took off my pants. I turned into a sixty-nine position to get a mouthful of his beautiful long cock. We both climaxed together, then he got up and got dressed.

As he stood in the doorway, he said, "See, it doesn't affect me at all. And I'll prove it to you again, anytime you say!"



Rm. 6 Rusty

I guess I'm kind of a con-artist, but I have to be. I'm small and look even younger than I am and I like big truck-driver types. But they always throw me face down on the bed and screw me and get up and go home. Hell! I like to fuck too!

So, I developed this routine; when they throw me on my belly, I squeeze tight and tell them I can't take them, it hurts too much. They start giving me the same story; any ass can open big enough for any size cock. It's just a matter of relaxing.

I'd loosen up when they'd stick in a finger to show how easy it could be, and then tighten again when they try to get their cock in.

They'd be so hard-up and frustrated at this point, that when I ask if they could be fucked, they'd say that anybody can. Then I hold them to their word.

"Let me do it to you first, if what you say is true." They have a hard time arguing their way out of that. Especially when they see my little cock which I make sure to keep soft.

It just takes one glance at their assholes to bring me up to my full ten inches and they never know what hit them. Well, some do. The ones that keep coming back for more.







Room 7

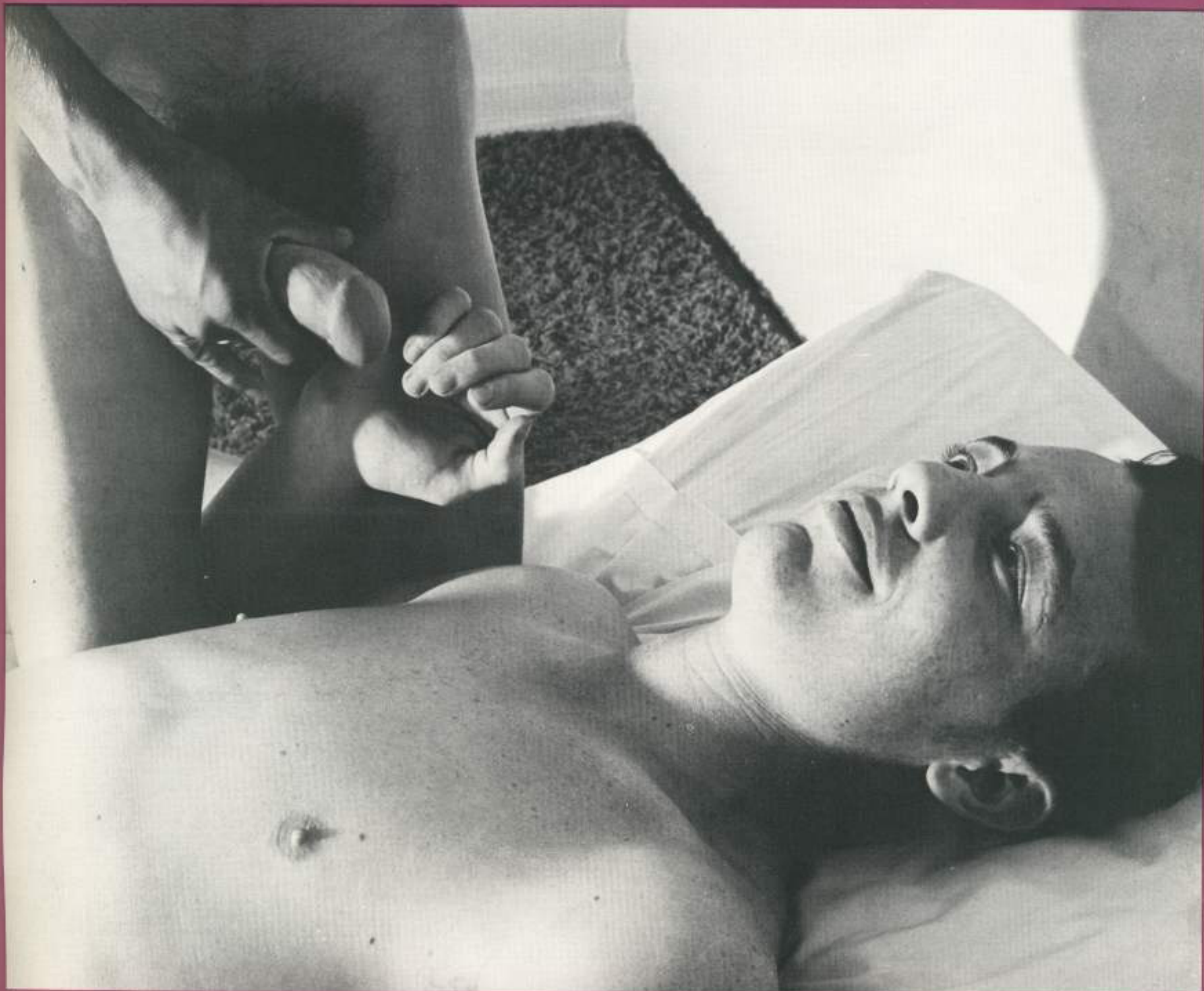
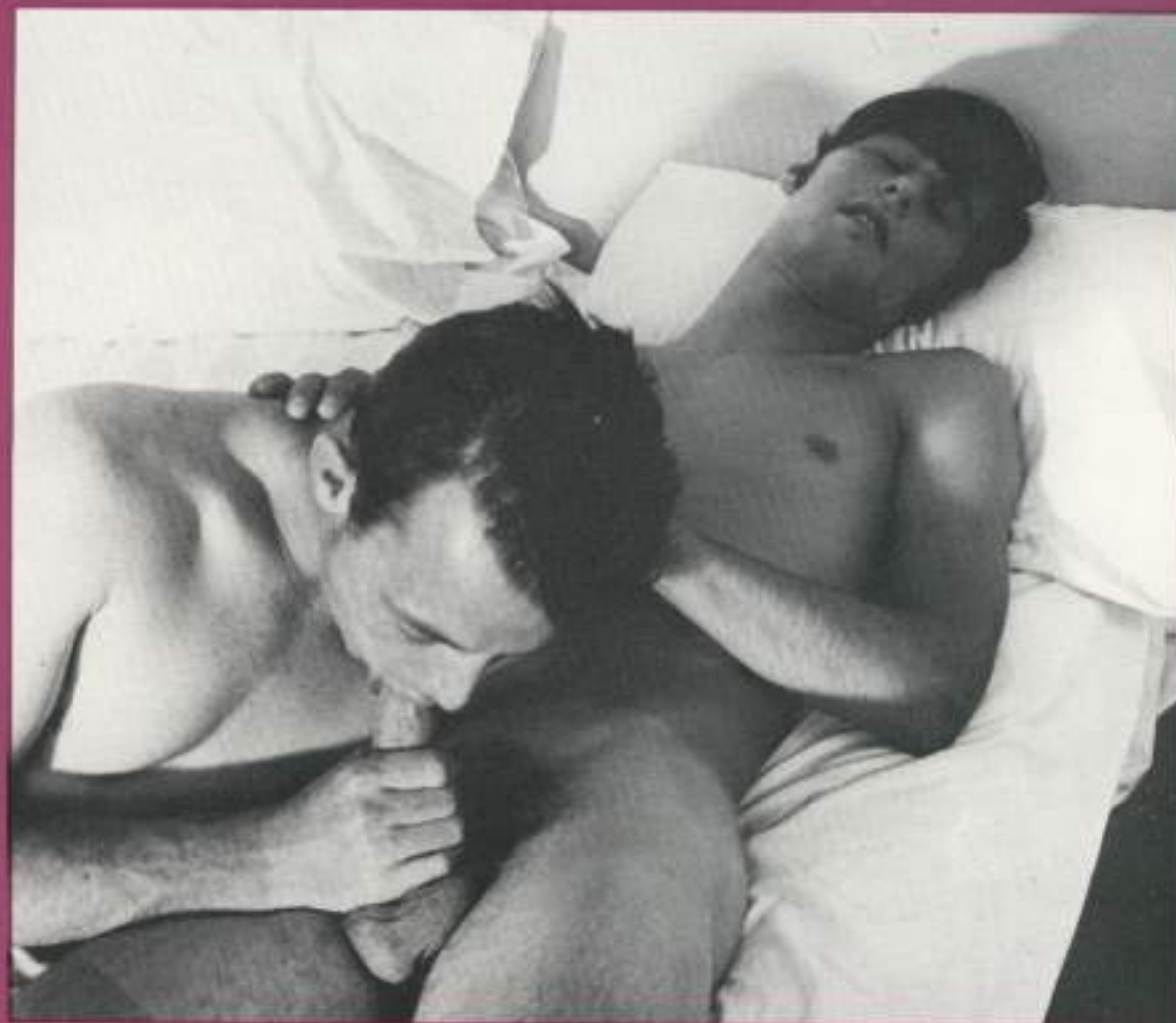
BENJY

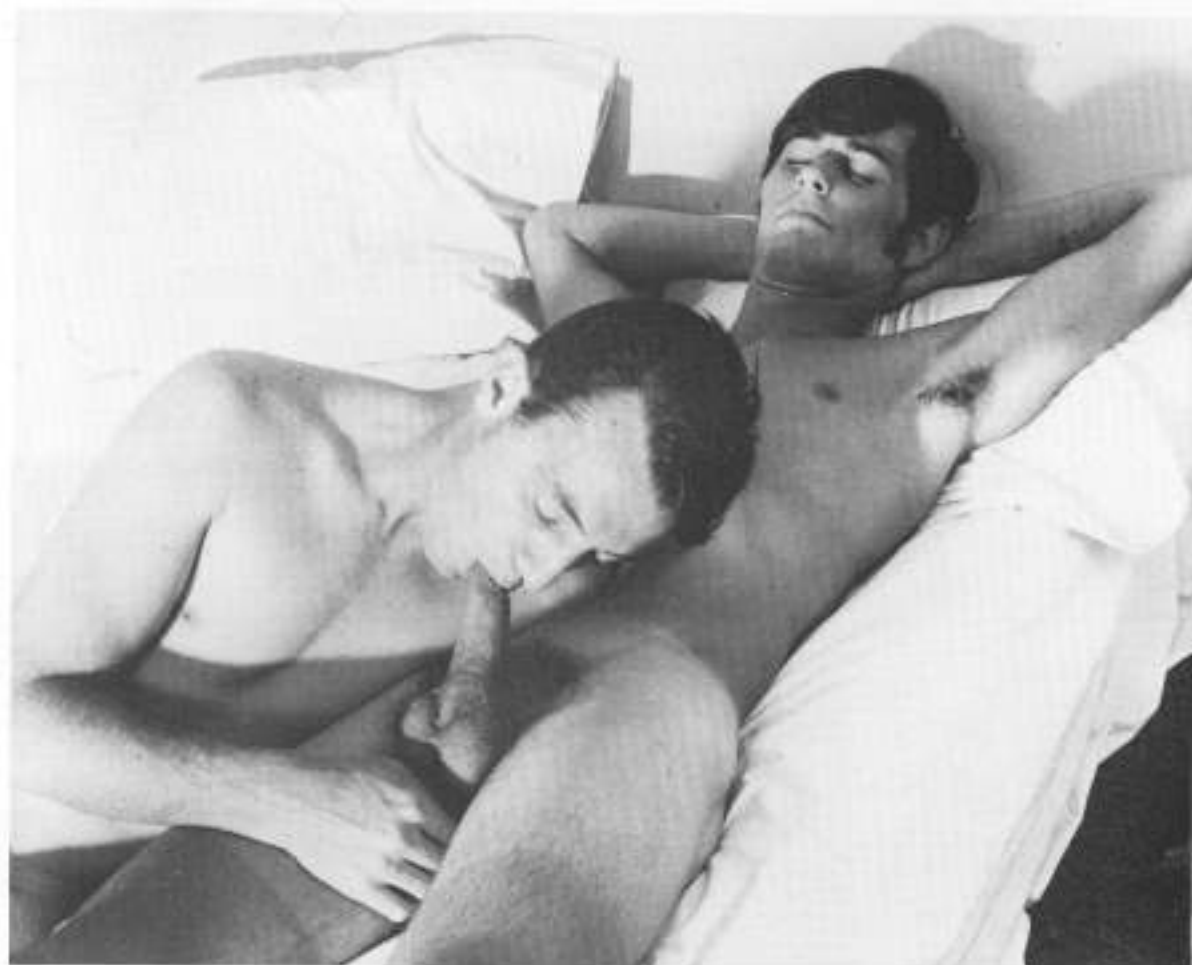
I heard a tapping on my window. I opened it and there was the cute gardener, naked with his pants draped loosely around his hips.

"Hi! Could I ask you for a very personal favor?" He was actually blushing.

"Sure," I said, "come on in."

"Anything," I thought, "anything, anything!" I was nude, but I wasn't about to get dressed at a time like this.





When he came in the door, I asked what the trouble was.

He was grinning sheepishly, as he told me that after finishing his chores, he stripped to take a sunbath. When he rolled over on his stomach he hadn't noticed a wad of chewing gum in the grass and his crotch landed right on it. He dropped his pants, and there was the gum, with lots of grass stuck in it, embedded into his pubic hair.

"It hurts every time I move, so I know I couldn't make it home this way. Do you have a pair of scissors that I could cut it off with?"

I got them from the bathroom and told him to sit on the bed and I would do it for him. It was close quarters for such a delicate operation, so I told him I'd have more room to work if he would lie down and spread his legs wide apart.

My hands were shaking and I could hardly take my eyes off his completely hairless asshole, set between two juicy melons. I was feeling everything in sight, attempting to steady myself, of course, and he wasn't making matters any easier by raising a huge throbbing hardon.

Just as I was getting the last piece free, I happened to jab him with the scissor point. He yelled. I said, "Oh, I'm sorry. Here, I'll kiss it and make it well." And without waiting for either encouragement or protest, I ducked my head into that crotch and licked up a storm.

"There, does that feel better?" I asked.

"Gee!" he said, "I don't know how to thank you."

"Let me show you!" I said, and proceeded to illustrate thanking position number one, followed by thanking position number two, which allowed a bit of time for him to return *his* thanks and then immediately into thanking positions three through sixty-nine.

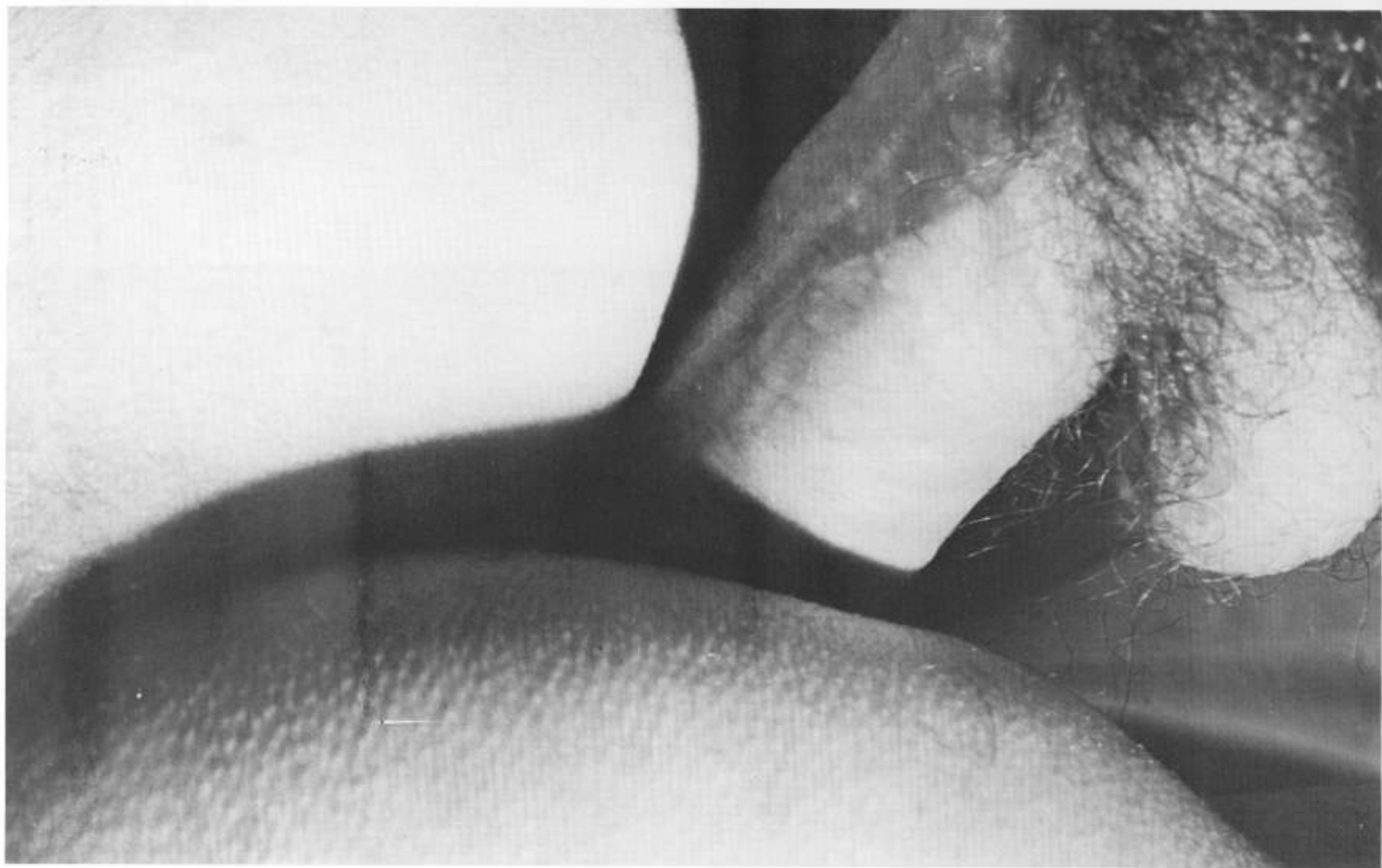
Sometime after midnight we got around to the position for mutual "you're welcomes!"

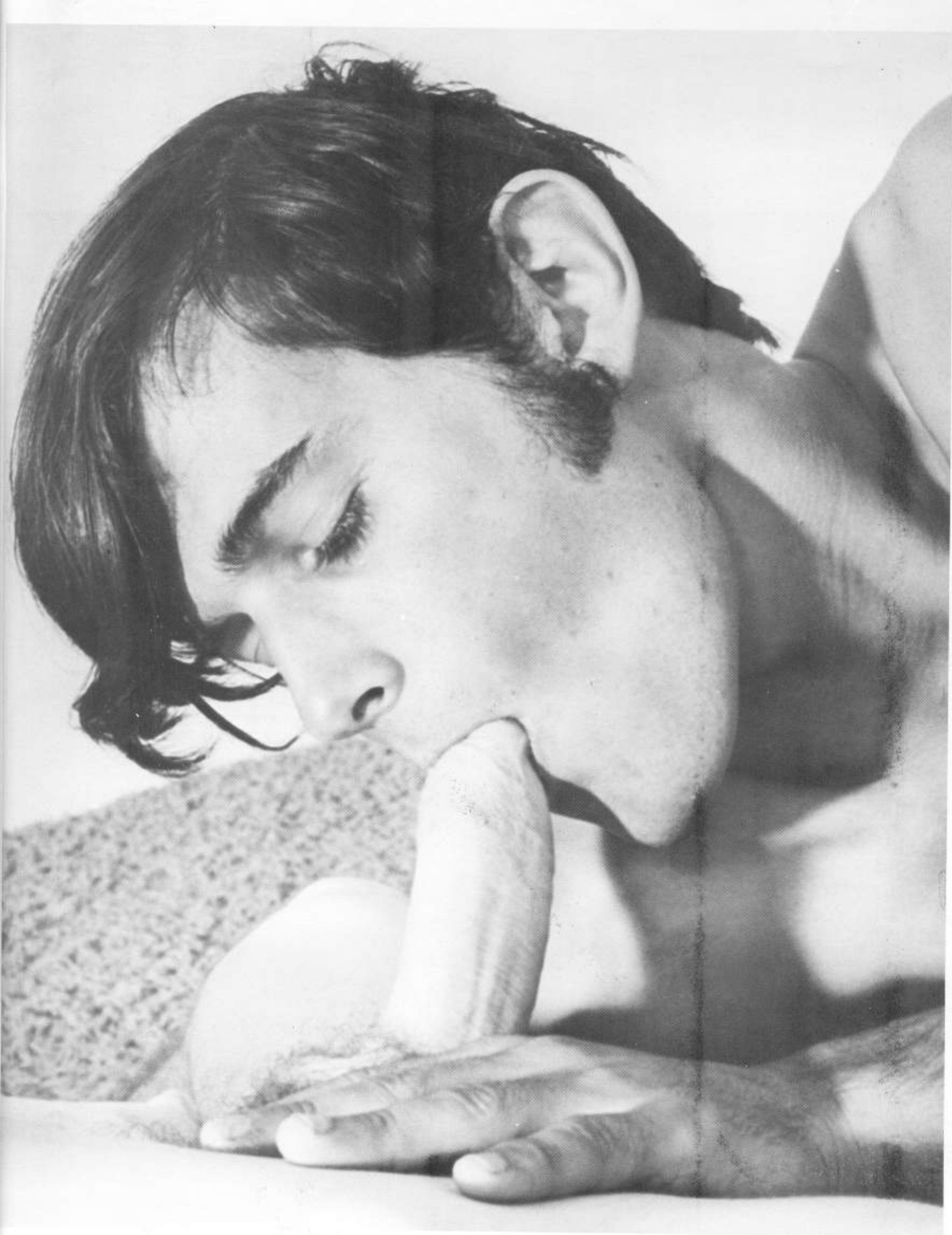












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Not For Sale To Minors

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